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BAXTER SPRINGS, KAS.

TOO VICTORIAN

By JANE OSBORN.

"Ida Lester, if you want to be absolutely Victorian just go ahead and mope around the way you are doing now." Seventeen-year-old Ruth Lester—Ida's pretty golden-haired sister—looked up from her algebra and glanced whimsically over her study spectacles. "Thank fortune, I've never been in love—Oh, there's no use saying you aren't. Nowadays girls come right out and say so when they are. But I suppose if you insist on being Victorian you just won't be frank about it. I was saying that if I ever did fall in love and then lost out the way you have—well, you needn't look so offended, you know you have—why, I wouldn't mope around about it. I'd use my brains, same as a man would."

"Well, smarty, since you know it all," Ida said, going over to her sister and closing the algebra she was studying, "what sort of plot would you perpetrate. Would you go down to Matthew's apartment through the dumb waiter shaft and steal the young hero away in the still night?" "Now you're talking!" said Ruth, springing to her feet. "That might be a good plot if the hero wasn't six feet one and the heroine only five feet three. I've thought out something even craftier than that. The facts in the case are thus." Here Ruth began tabulating them on a page of her algebra notebook. "Hero is really very fond of heroine if not actually in love with her. Hero naturally timid and not much of a lady's man. Hero lives in same apartment house as heroine, and just before heroine gets him to the proposing point she plays her cards wrong and tries to make the hero jealous. Hero, instead of getting jealous, just gets a case of cold pedal extremities. Deadlock follows."

"Here is where the craft comes in. You remember that little baby ring with the blue-enamel forget-me-nots that the hero gave the heroine in a moment of sentimental fervor at a picnic last summer. Now, don't look surprised. Of course I know he gave it to you. Haven't I seen you wear it around your neck on a piece of white ribbon every night since? Do you think I keep my eyes in my pajama pockets? Now if the hero thought the heroine had lost that ring and thought she cared a lot for it he'd think that she cared a lot for him without having to be told so."

"Of course you haven't lost the ring, but just the same you can put an advertisement in all the papers like this:

"LOST—A baby ring with small forget-me-nots. Of small intrinsic worth, but highly prized by the owner. Reward, \$75."

"Now, sooner or later, the hero is bound to read that advertisement, and after he puts his shrewd masculine wits to work for about half an hour it will begin to dawn on him that the poor little five-foot-three heroine misses him, wants to see him, loves him dearly."

It was a week later and the advertisement had appeared for five days in the three local papers. Then one day Ida came to Ruth's room and interrupted her in the midst of her algebra. Ruth removed her spectacles and focused her eyes on her sister.

"It's so funny," Ida was crushing an open letter in her hand. "Someone has found the ring, yet I still have it."

"Goose!" was Ruth's rejoinder. "It's Matthew that answered. He didn't find it. He's just saying he did. He thinks he is being crafty just the way I said he would and he thinks you did lose it and he's just pretending he found it so as to have a chance to see you."

"If he did write that letter, I am sure he is very clever, for I never would have thought that it was from him—and I am not at all sure that it is even now. See, the writer says he will return the ring to the owner if she will meet him in the mall at the park at four o'clock this afternoon. And she is to know him because he will wear a red rose and—"

"How did he know it was a girl that lost the ring and how did he know that the mall in the park is just across the way from the owner's house?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but coincidences like that are not unusual. Anyway, I shall keep the appointment—alone."

At six o'clock Ruth, still poring over her algebra, saw a very pink-faced bright-eyed sister dash into her room.

"Who do you think I've been walking with, and he's coming back after dinner? Matthew! But it wasn't he that wrote the letter. In fact, I didn't wait for the man with the red rose. Matthew just happened to be there and when I told him I was waiting for the man with a red rose he told me that the man only wanted to kidnap me or something like that. Don't you see? It was as plain as day after Matthew explained it to me. But girls never think of practical things like that. Matthew hadn't even seen the advertisement in the paper and when I told him about losing the ring he said he'd have another one made just like it. Of course I never shall let Matthew know I didn't lose that ring."

Ruth put on her spectacles and sent a glance down at the algebraic figures. "Say, Ida, you're Victorian all through. But I guess there are some men who like girls like that," she said.

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MEN WANTED

By JANE OSBORN.

The Women's college lay three miles from the town where Botsford Hatch had his shingle hung out as a lawyer, and on a certain cold day in February, having no prospect of business for the afternoon, he had strolled out, to the suburban vicinity of that institution. There were reasons for Mr. Hatch's mood of indolence and reasons why his steps took him to the neighborhood of the college. Still even to himself he would not admit them. It was really Betty Pickett's fault—little brown-haired, blue-eyed Betty Pickett, the lovable little doll of a girl to whom Botsford had proffered his heart and his hand only a few weeks before.

The worst of it was Betty had accepted his suit in a timid sort of way. Then some foolish little misunderstanding had come and the end of it all was that the time for the much-talked-about junior ball at the college had come and Botsford had not been asked.

It was, as a matter of fact, the morning of the junior prom and Botsford knew it. And now he was only a few blocks from the dormitory where the tantalizing little Betty abode.

He looked up at a high board fence and beheld a large, red-lettered sign that began with the words, "Ice Skating—Watch For the Red Flag." Then another glance revealed the red flag, and another smaller sign bore the simple legend—"Men Wanted."

Botsford rather absent-mindedly entered the wooden door in the fence marked "Entrance," and, following a group of girls, bought a ticket and secured a pair of rather rusty, ill-fitting skates. Then, still absent-minded, he began to wonder why the sign had read "Men Wanted."

He strapped on his skates in the shelter at the edge of the court.

There were not many skaters, and most of those present were girls.

Twice had he gone around the court when he was halted by a fair-haired young amazon on an improvised bench at the edge of the ice.

"I am so glad there are some men at last," she said. "What do you charge an hour?"

"The regular price," was Botsford's answer, and then cautiously and without delay the fair young amazon rose and, with perfect self-possession, said, "Now we are off."

Apparently, thought Botsford, he had been mistaken for an assistant or instructor.

Somehow he managed not to fall, though after a half hour's work he found himself growing weary. But the day promised no diversion more interesting, and for some reason Botsford always did enjoy being part of a harmless misunderstanding.

"Going to be here this afternoon?" she asked as they neared the edge of the court. "I am going to stop now, but I may be back this afternoon."

For the lack of anything better, Botsford said that he intended to stay all day. The girl thought a moment as she sat on the bench. "Come to think of it, I shan't want you this afternoon, but I may want you tonight. It's junior ball night and I don't want to skate away all my enthusiasm for that."

Here she lowered her voice as if she did not want the other skaters to hear what she had to say. "But men are scarce even at dances. You have no idea how scarce, and I think I might want you for tonight. It opens at nine, but you had better be around at the dormitory at half past eight. You dance, I suppose, though that isn't absolutely necessary. I'll pay your price of fifty cents an hour and the additional price of rent for an evening suit."

He agreed to the proposition. In fact, he said, he would be willing to put in the entire evening for two dollars.

"All right," said the girl as she left him at the entrance of the court. Then she whispered again: "One thing you must remember. I'll introduce you as my brother and you must keep up the bluff. No one must know that I have employed you in this way. It's a rather sore point sometimes when girls don't have any men for dances."

Of course, Botsford thought that he was going to be the amazon's escort.

It was with decided surprise that Botsford beheld the radiant splendor of the girl of whose name he was still ignorant. Then, as he was recovering from the surprise of this rapid change of appearance—it was in the crowded reception room of the dormitory, where the girls and their escorts were assembling before the ball—she led him up to a man whom she introduced as "Mr. Smith, my fiance."

He was wondering why he had been employed—since she was amply supplied with an escort in the stalwart form of Mr. Smith—when she began to speak in a whisper.

"You are to be the escort of a little friend. The man she intended to ask disappointed her. I found out about it this morning and I hated to have her run spoiled just because that brute of a man went back on her. So I told her I had a brother that was just crazy to come and would like to be her escort. Here she is."

And just then Mr. Smith led up the timid little figure of Betty, as dainty as a wood nymph, Botsford thought, in the pink and silver splendor of her junior ball gown.

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Wichita, Kans.—Oct. 4, 1916.—

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"For a long time I have suffered from stomach, liver and kidney trouble," Mrs. Watson continued. "My food didn't digest properly. At times my stomach would become bloated. My heart would be affected and I would become short of breath. Pains in my stomach bothered me and I also had pains in my side and back."

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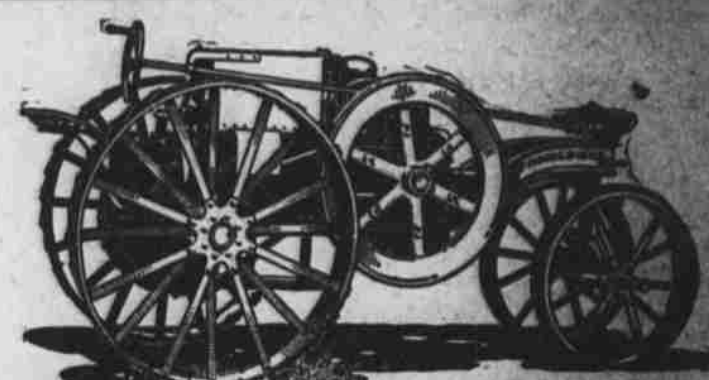
A tract of land, virgin soil, in pasture, some timber, 248 acres located in Sec. 16-35-25 Cherokee county, Kas., and 84 acres located in Ottawa, county, Okla., joining same on the south and all a few miles south of Baxter. The heirs will sell on the basis of the Kansas assessment for taxation purposes, \$20.00 per acre for the entire acres, and give such time on the larger portion of the purchase price as may be desired. For further information address, P. P. Ladd, 304 Massachusetts Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

NOTICE.

First Published in Baxter Springs News Sept. 28, 1916.
To Armand A. DeWitt, minor heir of Alfred O. DeWitt, deceased.
You will take notice that on Wednesday the 18th day of October, 1916, I will present to the Probate Court of Cherokee county, Kansas, at the Probate Court room in the City of Columbus, in said county, a petition, a copy of which is hereto attached, asking for authority to sell your interest in the real estate therein described, to-wit: Lots eleven (11) and twelve (12) block four (4) and lot three (3) in block eleven (11) all in O. P. of the City of Baxter Springs, Kansas.

At which time and place you can appear and make any objections you may have to the granting of such authority.
CAROLINE DEWITT, Guardian of your estate.
Dated, 9-16, 1916.
Sept. 21, 25, Oct. 1.

We have everything for your luncheon, cold meats of all kinds, cheese, pickles, etc.
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